THE New Republic

Retreat at Little Rock

An Editorial

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Ben Shahn

The World of the American Artist

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Records of the Century . . . . . *B. H. Haggin*

America, the Dutiful . . . . . *Margaret Halsey*

WHY, IT'S SHAMEFUL!

David Brinkley on the Brussels Fair Controversy

JULY 7, 1958

25 cents

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Washington Wire

A Prediction

WHETHER Sherman Adams resigns or not doesn't really matter any more. We think he'll quit, but he has already lost his usefulness in Congress. The dignity of an Assistant President, like a lady's virtue, is not susceptible of partial diminution. TRB's prediction: Adams will voluntarily drop out, be succeeded by genial Maj. Gen. Wilton Persons, his deputy, and Adams will then become a sort of semi-official GOP martyr, like General MacArthur.

John Fox, the Boston financial gambler and former McCarthyite publisher who last week gave testimony on the Goldfine-Adams relationship, strikes us as a remarkably disagreeable character. Fox's testimony (largely hearsay) was so wild as to aid Adams in his martyr's role. Fox is a Harvard graduate who at one time tried to get fellow-alumnus Senator John Kennedy (D, Mass.) to join a group boycotting the $80 million Harvard endowment drive unless the University fired liberal Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Kennedy contemptuously rejected Fox's invitation.

Alaska's Status

CONGRESS has finally voted in favor of statehood for Alaska. If we had been a Senator, we would have voted for the Monroney-Fulbright alternative (defeated 29 to 50) to give Alaska the option of commonwealth status, like Puerto Rico. Many arguments can be made for statehood, of course. The chief argument against, in our view, is that it breaches the precedent of confining states to contiguous areas.

We had always hoped that the United States would some day set up a decentralized "American Commonwealth" like the flexible, relaxed British Commonwealth. Statehood for Alaska would seem to set a different historic pattern—trying to run everything out of Washington the way France does out of Paris. Nome is 5,000 miles from Washington.

We assume Hawaii will be next. Meanwhile, the District of Columbia: (1950 census—802,000; Alaska—130,000) does not even have the vote!

The voting population of Alaska is about the size of Hartford, Conn. But it will have two members in America's regal House of Lords, the Senate. Alaska's two votes, interpreted in veto power (in ratifying a treaty, for example, which requires a two-thirds Senate vote for approval) could cancel out four affirmative votes from New York and California, with a population of 25 million. When only 200,000 people control two Senate seats, you can be sure that Alaska, like Nevada, will get just about anything it seeks from the United States Treasury.

Financing the Arts

IF YOU WANT better TV programs, write or wire your Congressman, or Chairman Oren Harris (D, Ark.) of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in behalf of HR 12177. This is a companion to a Senate bill (S 2119) to give the states up to a million dollars each with which to build stations for educational TV. The remarkable thing is that it passed the Senate without a negative vote on May 29. Now it's up to the House. The Eisenhower Administration is against the bill (by a sort of reflex action, we suppose) and the private TV networks are fighting it behind the scenes. Liberal Rep. Stewart Udall (D, Ariz.) has introduced the House version. He urges educators, particularly, to help get the bill out of the Harris committee in order to get a floor vote.

When a foreign ballet company performs in Washington, it hires a movie theatre. "Where's your opera house?" the visitors ask, looking wonderingly around America's pretty capital. Of course the answer is that the United States alone among great nations (and small ones too for that matter) doesn't go in for this cultural stuff; it is our way of showing superiority to the uncouth, barbaric Russians. But now, strangely enough, the Senate has not only passed a bill to help subsidize educational TV; there is also a very active movement in both houses of Congress to give Washington a cultural center for the performing arts. The proposal is only to furnish a site, but who knows what it could lead to?

One Congressman pushing the idea is Frank Thompson Jr. (D, N. J.). The idea of having an opera house in Washington is almost too startling to contemplate. Why, one of these days we might even catch up with Paraguay and Venezuela.

Six Weeks to Go

THE TENSION in Congress will mount steadily from now on. Congress has only about six more weeks to go, and any bill that doesn't pass in that time must start all over again at the bottom of the two-year legislative ladder. So far the record is undistinguished. With an unimaginative President and a conservative and divided Congress, no great social reforms or bold new programs were feasible.

Eisenhower has confined his positive 1958 leadership pretty much to the so-called "three imperatives"—foreign aid, reciprocal trade and Pentagon reorganization. He deserves support and will probably get most of what he asks. Two of the three are just extension of old New Deal programs. Pentagon reorganization is about Eisenhower's only contribution.

Eisenhower has successfully stalled off most anti-recession measures. Many of his legislative victories are of this negative type. It is now pretty certain that the recession has touched bottom. This is being hailed gleefully. The thing to point out is, however, that even the most encouraging forecasts generally estimate "one year" for full recovery; nobody knows how much faster it would have been with a properly timed tax cut. No school aid bill is yet passed. On the labor front we think trade unions would be well advised to try to get the House to pass the moderate Kennedy-Ives measure. Lacking this, something harsher may come later.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *California's Club Democrats*

SIRS:

To those of us who have been working in the Democratic Club Movement in California, reading Mr. Dugger's recent articles about California politics was a rather Alice-in-Wonderland kind of experience. Had we strayed behind the

(Continued on page 24)

The Navy Objects

WASHINGTON, June 25—*Neil H. McElroy bowed to Sen. Richard B. Russell today and offered written assurance that no military chief would be punished for opposing President Eisenhower on Pentagon reorganization.*

The Secretary of Defense reserved, however, the right to be "disappointed or regretful" whenever such opposition occurred.

—New York Times, *June 26, 1958*

SHORTLY AFTER the beginning of his second term, Mr. Eisenhower let it be known that he had three principal legislative interests for which he would fight—foreign aid, a liberalized trade program, and modernization of the defense establishment. In principle and in detail, the President has had our support on all three objectives. What, though, has happened to them? The foreign aid program recommended by Mr. Eisenhower has just been seriously damaged by an isolationist-minded House Appropriations Committee, this despite admirable support given the President by the Republicans on the Committee and despite the active intervention of Speaker Rayburn. The President's trade program will probably come through the Congress with fewer bones broken than had been anticipated but the final bill will be less worthy than the White House hoped for.

And finally, there is the question of defense. Here, too, Mr. Eisenhower is taking a beating. The Admirals are against him, and the Secretary of Defense has had to eat crow.

Mr. Hanson Baldwin, military editor of the *New York Times,* objects that the President's plan is downright unconstitutional, that the division of authority over the armed forces between the President and the Congress is an essential aspect of our system of checks and balances. "The Constitution," he says, "named the President a Commander-in-Chief, but Congress was charged with the control of the purse strings and with the duty of providing for, raising, maintaining and regulating the armed forces." He adds: ". . . the oath of allegiance of a commissioned officer is to the Constitution. . . . Each officer therefore owes two loyalties—to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief and to the policies laid down by Congress to regulate the services." He concludes that this divided loyalty, while it puts the service chiefs in an embarrassing position sometimes, "is essential to the concept of divided powers, to our form of government, and to the development of sound military policies."

But if we grant that the authors of the Constitution, for sound historical reasons, meant Congress to decide how many men should be in the forces, for what they should be employed, and in general where they should be stationed, must we not also grant that the supreme virtue of the Constitution has been its ability to accommodate essential principles to changed circumstances? What worked for a cluster of remote and underpopulated

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colonies will not necessarily serve a mighty world power. When, in 1958, the Congress tries to determine what Army posts and stations shall remain in use, what ships the Navy may produce and retain in commission—down to the last tug and scow—and whether anti-aircraft missiles or strategic bombers shall be built, invoking the authority of the Founding Fathers gives the performance no more plausibility.

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It is difficult in the first place to show that interservice rows, such as the recent one involving Admiral Burke's testimony before Congressional committees, ever directly benefit the national defense. The Symington hearings, for example, convinced the country that the Russians were building strategic bombers faster than it had been supposed they were, even possibly faster than we were building them, and resulted in Congress' voting an additional $900 million for more bombers for the Strategic Air Command. But why more bombers? To fight the Russian bombers? In fact, it has never been made entirely clear what the additional funds were used for. Certainly not all were used to build bombers, though the production rate of B-52's did increase for a time. Meantime, last fall the CIA suddenly announced that it had overestimated the production of Soviet strategic bombers by 100 percent, and the latest word is that the Russians may have stopped the production of heavy jet bombers altogether! A great deal was actually said about Russian missile developments during the Symington hearings, but that did not catch the public attention—nor even the attention of Senator Symington.

There are three provisions of the House-revised reorganization act to which the President objects. One would require the Secretary of Defense to exercise his increased powers over the military services "through the respective secretaries" of the three service Departments. The President is right to object. The House provision is either meaningless or it is an absurdity. It is meaningless as applied to those functions that will remain Departmental functions, since the Secretary of Defense *must* depend upon the service secretaries to supervise those functions. If, however, it is meant to apply to the supervision of the unified commands, into which the President has said that "all of our operational forces" are to be organized, it is an absurdity, because it will reintroduce the Department level of coordination and supervision when the basic purpose of the reorganization is to eliminate that level.

The second provision, grafted on to the President's proposal by the House, imposes a 60-day delay upon the transfer, reassignment, abolition or consolidation of any "major combat function assigned to the military services." Such transfers, etc., would have to be reported to Congress, while it is in session, with at least 60 days of the session still to go, by the Secretary of Defense after consultation with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and may be annulled by a concurrent resolution of Congress within the 60-day period. In other words, *Congress would judge, in detail, every assignment or transfer of functions before it becomes effective.* This too is absurd —and dangerous.

The third provision reinforces this intention by declaring the right of any service secretary or Chief of Staff to present to Congress "on his own initiative, after first so informing the Secretary of Defense, any recommendations relating to the Department of Defense that he may deem proper." This is the provision the President characterizes as "legalized insubordination."

We understand why the Navy hopes the Congress will override Mr. Eisenhower on this question. If the reorganization bill is passed with the House amendments which the President opposes, the assignment of Naval strategic carriers to a Strategic Command (for example), or assignment of the Navy's amphibious forces to a Tactical Command could be ordered only if Congress is in session and only if 60 days of the session remain. Naturally, upon representations from the Chief of Naval Operations, Congress would hold hearings and would undertake to pass upon the wisdom of the President's order—after interminable public debate. And within that 60-day period, Congress could annul the President's order of assignment by concurrent resolution, leaving the national defense in a state of confusion, to say the least.

But if the defense reorganization bill the President wants is approved, orders of the Commander-in-Chief could not be so easily blocked by appeal to Congress. They could, it is true, be protested the next time the service chiefs appeared before Congress for regular appropriation hearings—*or if Congress decided to investigate the matter.* No one has proposed to gag the service representatives. Moreover, Congress could still make its views felt, in the final analysis, by threatening to "withhold supply" (refusing to vote funds until the Administration had made the desired amendments in its order). Finally, Congress could repeal or amend the reorganization act itself, any time it was sufficiently aroused to do so. But the emphasis would have shifted in a direction it should shift. It would be more difficult for Congress to act after the fact than before.

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The present situation positively invites the separate services to run to Congress with their grievances. When they do so, it is all too often to raise issues which Congress lacks the technical competence to resolve and which it ought not try to resolve. The President's reform, while it would not prevent the services from appealing to Congress *in extremis*, would make it more difficult and less convenient for them to do—thereby evidencing Congress' agreement to the proposition that the majority of

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inter-service disputes be settled by the Executive Branch.

Even allowing for the customary exaggeration with which the services present their case, there is obvious need for a defense system that is responsive in emergencies, that is truly unified, and that has soundly planned in advance the actions it is to take in crises. The old system, which the Navy wants to see preserved, does not stand up to this requirement. Nor does the traditional preoccupation of Congress with all the technical parts of the defense plan. Congress, as well as the Navy, must surrender some of its authority to determine what forces *are* "strategic" and what are "tactical," how many of each we should have and how they should be organized. The Congress must recognize that many defense questions cannot be resolved in a public forum, in which pressure groups such as the Navy League, the Marine Corps Reserve, and the National Guard Association are all too often able to wield the balance of power.

The President may make mistakes, and some check upon the Executive Branch is an essential requirement of our constitutional system: President Eisenhower has been wrong from the beginning in his over-emphasis upon massive retaliation, and he is still wrong in his neglect of the forces required for limited wars. *But,* all the uproar in the services and before Congress of the past six years has not corrected this error.

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We repeat, Congress will and must retain its power to check the Administration even if the President's bill is passed in the form in which he wants it. But Congress would do well to recognize the technical character of the decisions it is being urged to make by the services when they run to it for relief. We do not believe that the two eminent Georgia politicians—Mr. Vinson of the House Military Affairs Committee and Mr. Russell of the Senate Armed Services Committee—are technically qualified to exercise the authority the present situation causes them to assert over the national defense. We are convinced that the precedent established by this Administration and the last—that expenditure of defense funds is primarily a matter of Executive initiative upon which the Congressional check should be primarily negative—is a sound one. And we believe that the standing invitation to the services to air their grievances before Congress should be curtailed. Congress cannot surrender its ultimate responsibility for expressing the national consensus in matters of defense; we do not dispute Congress' right and its needs to be fully informed. But we believe that Congress should recognize the growing limitations upon its practical competence to force decisions upon the Executive in questions of defense, and that it should adopt a self-denying ordinance that will vest the day-to-day responsibility for defending the country, and the initiative for constructive reform, more squarely where it belongs—in the Executive Branch.

Retreat at Little Rock

IN ENUNCIATING, three years ago, the now famous "all deliberate speed" formula for racial integration in state school systems, the Supreme Court gave some indication of the sort of problems that might, for a time and in some communities, justify more emphasis on deliberation than on speed. The Court pointed chiefly to administrative difficulties "arising from the physical condition of the school plant, the school transportation system, personnel, revision of school districts and attendance areas," and the like. This enumeration of factors that would be permitted to cause delay was not necessarily meant to be exclusive—save in one important respect, about which the Court was signally emphatic. The Court declared:

> *But it should go without saying that the vitality of these constitutional principles* [set forth in the original judgment of May 17, 1954] *cannot be allowed to yield simply because of disagreement with them.*

It is this sentence that was disregarded by Federal District Judge Henry J. Lemley when he ordered a two-and-a-half year postponement of the integration plan so dramatically put into effect (following, of course, an initial two-years' worth of deliberate speed) at Central High School in Little Rock last fall. Look at it however you will, turn whatever side of it you choose to the light, Judge Lemley did the one thing the Supreme Court told him and all other federal judges not to do; he cheerfully allowed the constitutional principles of May 17, 1954, "to yield simply because of disagreement with them." For this reason it may be predicted, with more confidence than can generally be summoned in such matters as these, that Judge Lemley's order will not stand up on appeal.

This assurance is, however, cruelly inadequate. For a final decision on appeal could not in the normal course of events be obtained before the opening of school in September. And the possibility of obtaining more speedily a stay of Judge Lemley's order, which would leave matters in status quo until the appellate procedure runs its normal course, also fails to satisfy, having regard for the high risk of resistance and violence that inheres in requiring the Little Rock School Board to proceed with integration while there remains a chance that the courts might yet in the end permit postponement. To be effective, the judicial process must, therefore, move with unaccustomed dispatch. The Court of Appeals in St. Louis, whose jurisdiction was promptly invoked, has at this writing given no sign that it intends to render a quick decision. And the Supreme Court has declined to intervene.

For that Court to have taken the case up and disposed of it finally within a matter of weeks, without waiting for

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the Court of Appeals to act first, would have been a highly unusual but by no means unprecedented procedure. That is exactly what the Supreme Court did—with, be it said, much less justification—in 1952, in the case that arose from President Truman's seizure of the steel industry; and again last year, in the case of Corporal Girard, whom a District Judge had reprieved from being handed over for trial by Japanese courts for a crime committed in Japan. And in different circumstances, the Court was not loath to hold a special session and act with dizzying expeditiousness in the Rosenberg case of five years ago.

It is, of course, preferable, and best in keeping with the policy of the Supreme Court's 1955 opinion, that the Court of Appeals should review Judge Lemley's decree—*provided* that it can bring itself to act with the requisite urgency. To this end, the Supreme Court might have issued a conditional mandate, ordering the case to be brought before it for decision within a stated time, unless the Court of Appeals should itself have disposed of it before then.

Perhaps the hint which the Supreme Court did drop rather broadly on Monday that the Court of Appeals should be mindful of the time element involved in this case amounts to the same thing. We hope so, for it would be a black mark against the judicial process if it should let a year of integration in Little Rock—in Little Rock, which is not just a school district, but a symbol the world over!—go by default. This would be the first instance of backsliding in the laborious history of integration by court decree. One shudders to think what it would augur for developments next fall, particularly in Northeastern Virginia, where, despite outstanding court orders, the outlook is uncertain.

Whatever else may be said of the deliberate speed formula, one thing is surely beyond dispute. It will become utterly meaningless if there is a loss of all forward motion, and a mockery if retrogression is permitted. The courts cannot remedy the tragedy of inaction in Congress, which is owing to the Southern entrenchments, and by the Executive, which is owing to fatuousness. But they must stand the ground they themselves have assumed, or the grand experiment they inaugurated will end in bitter farce, with consequences for the state of the union that stagger the mind.

"Oh, Boy . . . lots of headlines"

The Lost Scent

IN THE FERVOR of the chase after Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine, Congressional bloodhounds have lost the scent they set out to follow. The fox they were supposed to be tracking was not John Fox of Boston, but a beast of quite a different order. The purpose of the investigation Rep. Oren Harris is heading was to find out whether federal regulatory agencies are following the intent Congress had in establishing them.

Nothing has been heard on that more basic subject since the Harris committee first flushed out Fox and Goldfine. Nor do we expect the committee to get back on the trail before the mid-August adjournment. And between then and the time Congress reconvenes after the forthcoming November elections the political incentive will be gone.

It would have been hard under any circumstances to accomplish what Speaker Rayburn and others had in mind in launching the probe of the regulatory agencies. To investigate the commissions is to investigate Congress itself—so close is the connection between those agencies and the interest of Congress in matters concerning constituents which come before them. And to pursue a hunt for abuses of the Commission system wherever the trail leads—to fellow members perhaps—takes men of rare courage and will. The leaders of the House Committee on Legislative Oversight do not appear to qualify for that class. And yet the need remains for disclosure of wherein the independent agencies have failed to serve their client—the public.

If the effort to re-examine the agencies is not to be abandoned entirely, the Harris committee should, we believe, be relieved of its responsibility and the task reassigned to a Presidential Commission, free of Congres-

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sional restraints and pressures from the White House or the agencies.

Historically, fact-finding missions of the kind we have in mind have served their purposes nobly—the Wickersham Commission on law observance in the '20's, the TNEC to study the economy in the '30's and the Roberts Commission on Pearl Harbor in the '40's are a few examples. A joint resolution of the Congress or a Presidential order creating a new Commission to examine the performance of the regulatory agencies—with subpoena power to compel testimony—could bring the Harris inquiry back onto the trail.

No Price Rise—Yet

EVERY DAY for a fortnight Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.) has made a speech in the Senate attacking the announced plans of the steel industry to raise prices a rumored $6 a ton on July 1—coincident with a wage raise of about 20¢ an hour which will go into effect on that day. The steel industry declared that it was not impressed with Kefauver's oratory, or with his threat that the Antitrust Monopoly Subcommittee would investigate any further rise in the price of steel. On the very eve of the planned increase, however, the industry suddenly backed down. A price raise is still inevitable, industry spokesmen said, but it will come later in the summer, and it may be for less than $6 a ton.

Hearings before Kefauver's Subcommittee this Spring have shown that the $6-a-ton increase in the price of steel made this time last year was greater than extra wage costs justified. It was a major factor, the Committee found, in the rise of the price index in the following 12 months—and in part to blame for the increase in automobile prices which helped send that industry into a dive. Lately the price index has been moving upward more slowly—only 1/10 of one percent in May. A rise in the price of a commodity so basic as steel would be bound to send the price index up sharply again. The longer the rise is held off, the longer it will take to show up in the index. A marked increase in living costs about the time of the November elections might reflect unfavorably on the Administration, which has been notably unconcerned about preventing the threatened increase in the cost of steel—one good reason for deferring the raise until later on.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

There will be no issue of *The New Republic* next week. From now through August, the *NR* will be published every other week.

Hands-off Lebanon

JOSEPH ALSOP suggests that Washington has betrayed its friend, President Chamoun of Lebanon, even as Western governments by their "wriggling and delaying" sold democracy down the river at Munich. But this analogy is nonsense. Our mistake has not been a reluctance to rush US troops to Chamoun to help him put down the rebellion in his country; it has been our official reluctance to recognize that Chamoun's defeat need not be a defeat for the West. The choice is *not* between Chamoun and appeasement of an expanding totalitarianism. As a correspondent wrote last week in these pages: "Secretary Dulles' mania for 'firm allies' in the Middle East rather than friendly states is the direct cause of the present civil strife in Lebanon." Mr. Chamoun and his foreign minister, Charles Malik, have been too good friends of the US for their own good—and ours. By such acts as their endorsement of the Eisenhower Doctrine even before our Senate finished debating it, the Lebanese leaders cut off the sources of strength in their own country.

The initial alarm sounded on behalf of the Chamoun government had all the overtones of an appeal to save a "pro-Western" policy from drowning in a sea of pro-Soviet Nasserism. But before any rescue operation could be launched, there were second thoughts. And now we see the Western powers and the Secretary-General of the UN concluding that all that can and should be done is to stop the influx of arms coming from the United Arab Republic to the many rebelling groups inside Lebanon. Thus, when Mr. Hammarskjold was dispatched by the Security Council to Lebanon, it was only to take "necessary steps . . . to insure that there is no illegal infiltration of personnel or supply of arms across the Lebanese borders."

Since his return from Lebanon, the Secretary-General has been most circumspect in his comments. He seems content with the 100-member UNOGIL (UN Observation Group in Lebanon) and its 74 vehicles (including four US-supplied helicopters). Referring to the UN role as "an observation operation," he adds that "the word 'observation' is decisive." In his remarks to the press—20 lines in all—he mentioned the Lebanese Government once—and then quite casually and at the end, saying that while in Beirut for a meeting with his Observation Group, he "also had an opportunity to talk to President Chamoun and to Prime Minister Sami Solh."

Mr. Hammarskjold has denied an alleged request for UN forces in Lebanon, similar to the police force now in Gaza. Likewise, the Pentagon has let it be known that it opposes further unilateral US military involvement. A UN Security Council meeting on the Lebanese problem is not in sight for a while at least. The Eisenhower Doctrine has not been heard of in many weeks. The West thus refrains from taking on additional commitments from which it could only beg off later.

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Downright Shameful, That Brussels Exhibit

THE MORNING of Tuesday, June 17, was a poor time to pester the President.

That morning, Sherman Adams was admitting to a House committee he had been imprudent enough to take the coat, the free hotel rooms and the rug. Jim Hagerty was out front telling the press the President, too, had accepted some yardage of vicuna but had given it away because he had two vicuna coats already. Foster Dulles was saying in his press conference over at State that the outlook for a Summit meeting was black indeed, and that if we were asked to help out in Lebanon we would. Neil McElroy was before the Senate Armed Services Committee trying to persuade a cold audience the Military Reorganization bill ought to be passed as the President wrote it, not as the House changed it. And President Garcia of the Philippines was arriving in a few hours for another of those wearying airport receptions followed by a motorcade through the hot streets and more of those boiled-shirt dinners.

It was one hell of a day. And it was not improved in the slightest by Senator Bridges of New Hampshire who chose this of all times to read to the President in all its tiresome detail a letter from a Chicago businessman who wrote to say he had been shocked to find the American exhibit at the Brussels fair was a shabby mess. The letter was three and a half pages long, and as Bridges read it sounded even longer. There was this picture of a naked woman; the round pool in the center of the pavilion was covered with scum and floating orange peels; there were these paintings of "the Grandma Moses era" and one showing a woman with two eyes on the side of her head. And on the ramp over the pool were young women prancing around putting on a fashion show "that does not compare favorably with what I have seen put on by a department store in Park Forest, Illinois."

The President sighed. Bridges read on.

Why, the businessman and his party of 23 tourists from Illinois and Ohio were embarrassed and ashamed. Where were the displays of American industrial power? The glittering automobiles? Where was the America we know and love? And above all, why that naked woman?

The Russians, said the letter, had just whipped us for sure. They had these splendid displays of industrial milling machines and drill presses. They had a model Sputnik hanging from the ceiling. And their walls were decorated not with all this modern art but with tremendous murals of "happy people playing and working together."

Bridges finished reading, folded the letter, and looked up to find the President "very irritated," as he told us later. Soon word came that an irritated President was dispatching George V. Allen, Director of the US Information Agency, to the Fair.

Twenty-four hours later, Allen was in Brussels gumshoeing around the American pavilion. But three Congressmen were ahead of him. Representatives Ayres of Ohio, Rivers of South Carolina, and Preston of Georgia had come over on an airline's advertising junket, and Allen found they were irritated, too; not by that woman but by still another display tucked away out back and labeled "Unfinished Work." It said in a few words and pictures that "17 million American Negroes do not yet have the full rights promised them by American democracy." Some other pictures and newspaper pages showed Negro slums and some of our pillaged natural resources.

Actually, this little exhibit is an admirable attempt by a great nation to admit, publicly, that it has its shortcomings and will not try to hide them. In this way it is the only honest national exhibit in the fair. But the Southern Congressmen were in a rage. Preston threatened to make a speech about it when he got back to Washington on grounds it failed to "tell the South's side," and did not say a word about the Puerto Ricans in New York, and not only that—it could be used by Russia for propaganda.

The American exhibit Allen then examined does no doubt have too many abstractionist paintings and does not give a good show to the work American artists are doing. It does also have a good many displays built of calcimined plywood that add up to nothing much, and hot dogs and milk shakes inexpertly served and grossly overpriced, and a general diffuseness that fails to present any clear idea of just what it is we are trying to say. It is perhaps too soft a sell.

BUT if its very softness has brought complaints, what would we hear if we had entered the Fair with a boastful and extravagant display of our great industrial and economic power? If we had matched Russia drill press for drill press and a general we're-stronger-than-you-are approach, we might have satisfied a few American tourists, but we certainly would have bored everyone else. In any case, who can translate the United States of America into a three-acre exhibit that will completely satisfy everyone? Or anyone?

What Allen saw is, in my opinion, a generally attractive and interesting collection of American pictures, playthings, fixtures, appliances and artifacts—all housed in one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. As for the naked woman. . . . Etched on a plate glass in an obscure corner is a reproduction of an antique 17th Century drawing of Amerigo Vespucci landing in the New World to find it peopled by unclothed Indians—the same drawing reproduced in many a textbook.

The orange peels have been taken care of by the janitor.

DAVID BRINKLEY

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De Gaulle's Angry Young Men

Paris

MANY FRENCHMEN—even today—seem unaware of just how close Paris came during the last week in May to suffering a combined airborne and ground-force assault. On no less than three occasions it was little more than a question of hours. If de Gaulle had not been granted sweeping powers on the night of June 1, the French capital would have been occupied the next morning.

It is important to remember this in trying to assess the monumental task now facing the new French Premier. When de Gaulle took over at the beginning of June, the French state had virtually disintegrated. The army, the navy and the air force were in open rebellion. The police refused any longer to take orders from the Ministry of the Interior. Every French Ministry, save one, had set up its own committee of public safety, ready to take over and administer the department the day the paratroopers marched into Paris. The single exception was, it seems, the Ministry of the Interior, but this solitary omission had little significance since the Paris Prefecture of Police had organized its own committee of public safety as early as May 14 and was circulating tracts denouncing "the Jew, Jules Moch, minister of Soviet democracy."

In the last few weeks the most alarming development has been the mushrooming all over France of extra-legal organizations intent on filling the vacuum left by the disintegration of the central government's authority. If we are to take Leon Delbecque's word for it, there are now 320 Committees of Public Safety in the various cities, towns and communities of France. In certain cities they have not hesitated to call on the established prefectural authorities to step down and to turn over their administrative powers to them. But even where they have been relatively moderate or inert, their very existence makes them a kind of parallel or "shadow" state, ready to replace or supplant the regularly constituted one the moment it is found to be derelict in its duties.

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A historian can easily find in this odd situation a renewal of the secular clash between the spirits of Rousseau and Napoleon. It was Napoleon who established the present administrative system under which some 90 prefects, appointed by and solely responsible to the Minister of the Interior, administer the French departments. Like French judges, they owe their appointments to their professional competence and experience and not to the whim of the electorate. This has always made for a latent conflict in a country where no republican principle is more sacrosanct than the supremacy of "the will of the sovereign people."

Perhaps the easiest way for an American to appreciate the situation thus created is to imagine members of the American Legion and other veteran organizations suddenly forming Committees of Public Safety in all 48 states and solemnly warning Governors that unless they minded their step they would be forced out of office in the name of the "people's will." The parallel, in fact, is impossible, since our state governors are elected officials—a phenomenon which has undoubtedly acted as a safety valve for local grievances and resentments against the central administration in Washington.

In France the establishment of these committees of public safety has for the most part been the work of para-military action-groups and veterans' organizations. The importance that such groups have recently assumed is one of the direct, and perhaps inevitable, consequences of France's protracted colonial wars. At the present time there are literally scores of such organizations, led by the *Comitè d'Action des Anciens Combattants,* which groups no less than 17 different veterans' associations. While all are equally "patriotic" in theory, they tend in practice to reflect the many different shades of opinion in the French political spectrum.

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The power these organizations have come to wield over French political life was already apparent during the brief period of the Gaillard ministry, when the veterans put up such a fuss over their inadequate pensions that their supporters and those who feared their voting power in the impending municipal elections almost overthrew the government. Since the collapse of the Gaillard ministry in mid-April the power of these groups has grown by leaps and bounds, and today we find members of these organizations in virtually every committee of public safety that has so far been set up—whether in metropolitan France or in Algeria. They include such now notorious figures as Jean-Marie Le Pen and Jean-Maurice Demarquet, the two ex-paratroopers who led the noisy veterans' march down the Champs Elysées on the fateful evening of May 13; as Pierre Lagaillarde, the 31-year-old leader of the Algiers student movement and likewise a paratroop veteran, who led the assault on the Government General building in Algiers on the same night.

The most militant members of these organizations are generally ex-paratroopers, of which there are now something like 160,000 in France. Some 6,000 of these are reported by the Paris weekly, *L'Express,* to be "activists," ready for more or less instant action and organized into 150 groups all over France. While it is probable that only a minority of them are actual Fascists, all of them believe fervently in the need for a strong state, are aggressively anti-Communist and tend to favor the installation of one-party rule to put an end to the chronic fractionalism and instability of French politics.

As might be expected, their members also tend to be arrantly xenophobic. It was such a group which sacked and burned the United States Information Library in Algiers on

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the afternoon of May 13. More recently, members of the Marseille Committee of Public Safety issued a communiqué which solemnly advised foreigners "to abstain absolutely from all action and propaganda. Failing this, they will be considered enemies of France and treated as such." The most serious incidents that have occurred to date in France have been in Pau, where paratroopers from the local training camp turned a June 18 demonstration into a wild rampage, in the course of which the president of the local Association of Free Frenchmen (wartime Gaullists) was prevented from reading de Gaulle's famous 1940 call-to-arms.

Thus all is likely to depend, in the long run, on the extent to which the army—and this means essentially the lieutenants, captains and colonels who have been influenced by their training in "psychological warfare"—can be held in line by General de Gaulle. If he should fail in this essential task, he will fail in the rest; and France will then find itself drifting slowly, perhaps imperceptibly, but irreversibly into some kind of pre-Fascist or neo-Fascist *Götterdammerung*.

CURTIS CATE

THE REIGN IN SPAIN

***The Pentagon by standing beside Franco . . . and filling his hand with dollars . . . declares itself the enemy of the Spanish people.*—Salvador de Madariaga.**

THE PENTAGON maintains the reign in Spain,
No matter how the Spaniards may complain;
Though it could not be plainer
That Franco is the gainer,
America in Spain maintains his reign.

Though liberty elsewhere she will sustain,
Though aiding tyrants goes against the grain,
The General she embraces
For military bases—
In Spain, maintaining freedom would be vain.

Spain in an anti-Communist campaign
Could Reds beyond the Pyrenees contain;
Though Europe were expended,
Spain still could be defended—
To wreck the reign in Spain would be insane.

So Spain from opposition should refrain,
Since Spaniards all from dollar aid must gain;
As host to US Forces
This land of poor resources
Need have no fear of going down the drain.

Necessities of strategy ordain
That planes upon Spain's bases must remain—
If banished by the Spanish
Their prosperity would vanish. . . .
The reign in Spain rests mainly on the plane.

SAGITTARIUS

Tom Stokes and Sherman Adams

by RICHARD L. STROUT

MORE THAN anybody else I know, Thomas L. Stokes is reponsible for the present Congressional investigation of the regulatory agencies that has unexpectedly snagged Sherman Adams.

I find clippings by Stokes every time I open my file cabinet. It is odd to be drawing on the ideas of a man who is no longer here.

Way back in February, 1955, for example, Stokes offered what he called "a revealing case study" of what he called "the way federal regulatory commissions have come under the dominant influence of business and financial interests which the commissions are supposed to regulate." This particular agency was the Federal Power Commission. Stokes traced how three new Eisenhower appointees had upset the balance of power and how a New York efficiency firm had been brought in which, he said, had reorganized the "heart" out of the agency. The FPC is supposed to protect power rates to consumers. Hardly another reporter at that time was interested in those agencies. A lot of them did not know what a regulatory agency was. It was easier and more fun for columnists to write about politics. Stokes did that, too, but he didn't forget the harder subject. He thought it was important.

The regulatory agencies compose, of course, the great Fourth Branch of American Government. They are the policemen who watch everything from the safety of air travel and the kind of stocks that are listed on the market to the quality of television programs. They are supposed to look after the public interest. They do, too, if they are alertly manned. If they are staffed with nonenities and political hacks, however, the industries they are supposed to regulate run them. One or two deft appointees and the whole atmosphere and philosophy of a commission changes. The man who makes the appointments is the President, subject to Senate confirmation; if the President doesn't have the time, his assistant does it: Sherman Adams.

How does a Washington reporter ever get interested in a dreary subject like this? Well, Stokes explained his own case in a rare bit of autobiography in a column dated April 5, 1955. Way, way back in the Harding Administration, in the early 20's, he wrote, a certain "young reporter" was sent to interview a member of the Federal Trade Commission. It was a kind of joke—

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the man always seemed to be in a minority. The lonely commissioner explained to Stokes (yes, he was the reporter) quite simply, that he could do nothing for the public because he kept getting out-voted, 4-to-1. The Federal Trade Commission was supposed, of course, to protect the public against monopoly. But this commissioner was a hold-over from the Wilson days and had one view of the public interest; the new Harding appointees had another.

IT WASN'T funny to Tom Stokes. He was a sensitive young man. He thought about it a long time—30 years. He thought of that "frustrated champion of the public interest" casting his lone vote while the papers laughed. He told about it in his column in 1955. He had just been looking into a similar case that reminded him of it he said—this time in the Federal Power Commission. There sat Claude L. Draper, a New Deal leftover who was raising a lonely voice. The Eisenhower appointees had swept over him. "The life of the dissenter is often a lonely one," Stokes wrote and added, "depending upon the caliber of their membership, regulatory commissions can effectively carry out the laws which they are delegated by Congress to enforce and administer—or they can in effect nullify the laws which Congress enacted to protect the public interest."

That puts it in a nutshell. Stokes charged that it was the second that was happening, regulatory agencies were being warped all over the city.

This idea of Stokes' made him rather a lonely dissenter —at the time anyway, but he didn't stop writing on the subject. Every month or so he would put in another article. Stokes got away with lonely dissent in an age of conformity because he knew his facts and because also, I guess, he was a gay, mellow, modest crusader who knew what he was writing about. He was never vindictive. People he liked; he objected to what they did.

In another column in 1955 Stokes noted the importance of Sherman Adams. Here it was in connection with a man named Frederick B. Lee, head of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, who was being forced out by Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks and his Under-Secretary Louis Rothchild. Lee sent his resignation to the President along with a letter which he hoped Mr. Eisenhower would read, giving his side of the case. The question was whether the President ever got the Lee letter —or knew about it. Why? Because, as Stokes pointed out, the matter had to pass through Sherman Adams' hands. The resignation was accepted. Lee never knew whether Eisenhower got that letter or not, Stokes reported.

With the Dixon-Yates affair Stokes showed a new interest in Adams. The regulatory agency involved here was the Securities and Exchange Commission which supervises stocks, bonds and financial issues. The head of the SEC was a young man, J. Sinclair Armstrong, now Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Protesting every inch of the way, Armstrong told the Kefauver Subcommittee, under oath, that Sherman Adams had quietly telephoned him one week-end and got a SEC hearing delayed until after the House had approved a $6.5 million appropriation for a Dixon-Yates transmission line.

"Adams knew that [the SEC investigation] would show, as it did," wrote Stokes, "that an agent of a Wall Street investment firm that was involved in Dixon-Yates financing was also a consultant for the Budget Bureau in negotiating the Dixon-Yates deal."

Sherman Adams intervened directly, too, Stokes declared, in the Hell's Canyon battle. Stokes charged flatly that Adams was "directing the fight against power development."

Stokes' style was simple, direct and unpretentious. It was easy to understand and the information came from top sources. He wrote his column five times a week and the *Washington Star* gave it a local outlet three times a week. Stokes sometimes timed his strongest pieces so that they would appear in the *Star* and so reach Congress and the people whom he wrote about.

In retrospect a lot of the Administration's troubles were foreshadowed in the Dixon-Yates affair. Twice President Eisenhower came before his press conferences with statements that weren't so. Somebody wasn't giving him the facts. On August 17, 1954, for example, he said the Dixon-Yates matter was an "open book." But when the government's 134-page "open book" was published, there was no mention of Adolphe H. Wenzell, the man who was acting for the Budget Bureau and the private interests simultaneously. On June 29, 1955, a reporter asked the President specifically about Wenzell. "Mr. Wenzell was never called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract," the President replied. This was incorrect. Was somebody deceiving him?

It is ironic that the Justice Department ultimately broke the contract with Dixon-Yates on the basis of the very Wenzell relationship which the President denied. (It is even more ironic, perhaps, that the Dixon-Yates people are now demanding damages for the broken contract on the ground that the top officials around Eisenhower *knew* about the Wenzell relationship all the time!)

WHO WAS to tell this story to the public? Stokes and other conscientious reporters tried. But the press at the time—not all, but a good part of it—was depriving the Eisenhower Administration of something to which it was legitimately entitled and the absence of which was a great loss—a virile, critical scrutiny. Every President and every Administration needs this searching, unending opposition. Governments, like the adult alimentary system, need roughage. It was a misfortune for the Eisenhower Administration, I think, that in its first five years a

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complacent press gave it a diet of pap and marshmallows.

On June 19, 1957, Stokes began a typical column:

> By now it is an often-told story, documented by Congressional committees, how the Eisenhower Administration has reshaped and reshuffled the federal regulatory commissions so that they are weighted in favor of the interests they are supposed to regulate.
>
> We have become familiar, too, with the way the White House, chiefly through Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President, meddles constantly in the business of these commissions, which is really none of his business.

One man in Washington read the Stokes columns with some interest. For many years he had served in the House, first as a member and later as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, which has jurisdiction over the regulatory commissions. This was Sam Rayburn, the Speaker. He got the House to vote $300,000 for the first investigation of the regulatory agencies in history. Stokes charged that they were being packed and manipulated. Well, the House investigation would find out.

That brings us down to date. The last column I have by Stokes on the subject was for November 20, 1957—six weeks before he stopped writing for good. This was about Sherman Adams, and it was written to point out the man's power. There was a spreading suspicion, Stokes charged, "that the President has not been kept as well informed as he should be." Adams, he asserted, "has his hand in matters in which sometimes you would hardly expect to find him." And he added, with a kind of definitive understatement: "Anybody who is constantly around Congress during this Administration finds his tracks all over the place."

Well, that's where Stokes signed off. Consider that he had to work with dull things like "Dixon-Yates," "depletion allowances," "fast write-offs" and things like that. Who cared two whoops about them? What came later—the vicuna coat, oriental rug, hotel bills—was easy to write about. You could understand those. Without the background on the regulatory agencies put together by Stokes and a few others, however, the vicuna coat story would hardly make any sense at all. Stokes was honored with the Pulitzer and other awards, and I suppose a posthumous prize is out of the question. But it was he who hammered out this investigation.

America, the Dutiful

by MARGARET HALSEY

ONE REASON why John Kenneth Galbraith's new book, The *Affluent Society,* has been received with open arms is that it expresses with great fluency what many thoughtful people have been feeling. Clearly. it satisfies what is called a felt need. But the very warmth of the book's reception raises a query: What is the fate nowadays of an exciting new idea?

Professor Galbraith points with an irrefutable finger to the contrast between "private luxury and public squalor"—between finback cars and a poverty-stricken school system—between ranch houses humming with appliances and government agencies paralyzed by inadequate funds and pitifully small staffs. The Harvard economist has some provocative suggestions for remedying the situation, and one reviewer has hailed him as another John Maynard Keynes. But although Professor Galbraith has started the ball rolling, will anything actually be done about the crucial imbalance in our system of production? And if not, why not?

We have the evidence of Sputnik to remind us that there can be a veritable torrent of talk, writing, speeches, think-pieces, panels and interviews about as grave a social issue as American education without a single tangible improvement resulting.

Nothing will happen to American production as a result of *The Affluent Society*—or to American education as a result of Sputnik—unless a disguise which operates at the very heart of American life can be penetrated and dispelled. Before the public squalor can be ameliorated by even the most persuasive of writers or the most dedicated of leaders, a serious mislabelling will have to be exposed and corrected. What is this mislabelling?

It consists of the fact that much behavior which is usually decried as "anti-intellectual" is in reality not anti-intellectual at all, but *anti-moral.*

There is a certain amount of social tolerance for anti-

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intellectualism. When Europeans accuse us of thinking too much about plumbing, even the liberals reply equably, "Well, on us it looks good." But there would be no public sanction at all for people who wished—and openly said they wished—to revise the moral standard downward. Liberals and conservatives together would stone such trolls in the market place. Therefore a drift toward relaxing the code of ethics and being less scrupulous than formerly would have to mask itself in borrowed plumes.

That there is such an unconscious drift—and that it is disguised as a seemingly much less harmful "anti-intellectualism"—is nowhere more clearly shown than in the customary appraisal of President Eisenhower.

THE list of Mr. Eisenhower's Executive failures is a long one. It includes Suez, Sputnik, race relations, McCarthyism, Hungary, Canada, South America, the recession, education, Harold Talbott, Sherman Adams and the maintenance in office of John Foster Dulles. What is most significant about this rosary, however, is not its length, but the reason so often given to explain it.

Educated people, in particular, explain the President's record as resulting from a good, but untrained and undeveloped intellect. The educated people are impatient with the cowboy stories and the golf, but in an effort to be fair they usually mention the limiting effects of a West Point education, of decades of garrison living outside the continental United States, and so on. The President—the educated people conclude with a sigh—is just not an intellectual.

However, Mr. Eisenhower's failures as President are preponderantly sins of omission rather than commission. This dominant characteristic suggests that those failures do not spring from an undeveloped intellect, but rather from an undeveloped moral sense. There are some situations where not to inform one's self and not to be willing to think is a *moral* failure rather than an intellectual one.

Mr. Eisenhower is not the only General who has recently held high public office. To see how, in the President's case, a failure of ethics is being misinterpreted as a failure of brain power, one has only to think of George Catlett Marshall. (The responsibilities of the Secretary of State are not so far removed from those of the President as to make comparison unfair.)

It is not recorded that General Marshall reads Herodotus in the original or that he has ever done much kaffeeklatching with the editors of the *Partisan Review*. Certainly he was just as much conditioned to staff planning and doing things through channels as General Eisenhower. There has been, nevertheless, a world of difference between Marshall as Secretary of State and Eisenhower as President. The difference was not one of brains or background. It was the difference between, on the one hand, a man motivated by a strong sense of duty and, on the other, one whose sense of duty is rudimentary.

Nevertheless, it would be unjust to single out Mr. Eisenhower for special—and uncomplimentary—attention, were it not for the role he plays as image and the fact that he has so often been spoken of as "the prototype of the good American."

The word "good" has been applied to President Eisenhower almost ad nauseam. Only last month, Doris Fleeson quoted a Wisconsin farmer as saying, "I voted for him in 1952 and 1956. I guess I'd vote for him again if he could run in 1960. He's a fine man and a good man but, my God, isn't he a lousy President?"

And Joseph Alsop, in the middle of an agonized column about Mr. Eisenhower's responsibility for the failure of our first rocket, nevertheless averred that, "The moral goodness of Dwight D. Eisenhower is of course recognized by almost everyone."

The usual summing-up of the Eisenhower personality structure, even by people with strong feelings of hostility to the Chief Executive, is that the President is a good man whose intellect has never been honed on anything sharper than cowboy stories.

Actually, when the record is perhaps somewhat coldbloodedly examined, Mr. Eisenhower seems always to have been bright enough to get what he wanted. He wanted to be re-elected in 1956, and he was. It is not through feebleness of wit that he invariably manages to avoid situations which would be profoundly inconvenient or deeply disturbing to himself.

Thus his failures as President have been failures of *desire*. But if we describe these failures as due to cerebration blunted by the Articles of War, the Presidential "goodness" does not need to be queried. We can swallow it automatically, like a vitamin pill, and let it work its quiet benevolence in the darkness of our stomachs.

However, the increasing pressure of events—and par-

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ticularly the recently unveiled *Heldenleben* of Sherman Adams—may make more and more people feel inclined to take the vitamin pill to the laboratory and have it analyzed.

Mr. Eisenhower is "good" in comparison to whom?

"Good" in relation to what?

"Good" in what way?

When the President's intellect is upgraded to its rightful position, his virtue appears in a greatly altered and much more questionable light. It then begins to seem that although Mr. Eisenhower might have made an exceptionally generous Persian satrap, his limited moral fervor and minimal capacity for ethical judgment are not really very modern and not really very Western.

But if this is true of the President—"the prototype of the good American"—is it also true, or becoming true, of the rest of us?

The conventional appraisal of Mr. Eisenhower as a "good" man, but not very bright, is one indication that an unconscious Balkanization of ethics is being mistakenly described as something much less dangerous—namely, "anti-intellectualism."

PEOPLE do not mind being called anti-intellectual. It is a slur that is borne quite cheerfully—the bearers feeling entirely sure that they will have plenty of company. People even believe there is a rather engaging candor about saying, "I just want to enjoy myself, and I don't want to improve my mind." There is no record of any writer or critic lashing the American public to a tigerish fury by describing it as anti-intellectual. But although there is a certain amount of sanction for being anti-intellectual, nobody—nobody at all—wants to be called anti-moral.

That is something altogether different.

In the President, the displacement from ethics to ignorance is symbolic. Another piece of evidence pointing in the same direction is starkly real, and that is the "public squalor" of the school system. Even with the stimulus of Sputnik, nothing has been done about the well-known inadequacies of plant, teachers' salaries, emotional climate and, in some cases, curriculum. The shortcomings of the educational system arise from the fact that the public, taken as a whole, does not wish to be strict with itself. It does not wish, for instance, to tax itself for the 18,000 new school buildings which are so imperatively needed. It not only does not wish to pay English teachers—it does not even wish to pay physics teachers.

The shabby condition of American education is not the result of a flight from things of the intellect. It is the result of a flight from the exactions of morality. The electorate does not dislike learning. It dislikes the non-push-button and un-hedonistic burden of caring for the learner.

There have been other Americans besides Dr. Galbraith to make suggestions for minimizing some of the more lunatic aspects of contemporary life. Adlai Stevenson's plan for stopping hydrogen bomb tests has had a stubborn life of its own ever since the fall of 1956. Every once in a while we have heartening evidence—through books, news events or some other form of revelation—that the breed of moral men and constructive thinkers has not entirely died out.

But if the ideas of such men are to fall on fertile ground, the real nature of the opposition must be recognized through its tankard-waving, Franz Hals disguise of anti-intellectualism. The opposition is not anti-intellectual, but anti-moral; and the proof is the characteristic prevalence in our time of the shabby gesture.

Whether it is Eisenhower's treatment of General Marshall—or children being conned into singing television commercials—or a well-known minister of the Gospel signing a petition for the continuation of nuclear bomb testing—or Richard Nixon exploiting South America for his personal advantage—or the dingy, automatic acquisitiveness of a Sherman Adams—the shabby gesture has become a staple of our culture.

It flourishes—actually, there seems to be something moth-eaten in the news almost regularly once a week—because the moral standard which ought to keep shabby gestures down to the irreducible minimum has so often been written off as Communistic. It takes no far-fetched jogging of memory to recall the time when many people one knew to be ethical were in the hands of the political maenads. This precedent, combined with the flood tide of consumerism, has prepared many Americans to condone shabbiness in either business or politics. Indeed, the shabby gesture has become, to some ways of thinking, almost patriotic.

What is the remedy?

In such a climate of uncertainty, what tone shall the decent person take?

The answer would seem to be—a strict one.

It is banal to mention that the turning points of history have a way of passing without the people involved in them being aware of it. Nevertheless, it may be that the critique embodied in *The Affluent Society*, conjoined to the increasingly disturbing evidence of mongreloid ethics in Washington, will prove in the event to have been a turning point for Americans.

Which direction such a turn would take depends on what the decent fellow does when he opens his paper in the morning and finds yet another shabby gesture blotting out whole continents in ferment. The decent fellow has a choice. He can be sophisticated, world-weary, detached, impartial, tolerant, permissive, amused and gracefully disillusioned; or he can turn with flashing eyes to the wife across the breakfast table or the commuter sharing the seat and say, "By golly, that is *wrong!*"

One knows, of course, what one hopes.

America the Dutiful, God shed His grace on thee.

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A Conversation with

BEN SHAHN

"They Begin To Make Too Much Money Too Soon"

by HENRY BRANDON

FOR MORE THAN 30 years BEN SHAHN has had his say on the social and political scene through paintings and drawings. "Sacco and Vanzetti" is one of the best known of his early works and "Oppenheimer" one of his most recent. No American artist is as articulate a defender of his creed. Mr. Shahn's book, *The Shape of Content,* published last year was a study of the relationship between form and content which rejected the prevailing assumption among contemporary American painters that art cannot have social meaning and still be art.

THIS IS THE FIFTH in a series of conversations tape-recorded originally for the *Sunday Times* of London by its Washington correspondent. HENRY BRANDON's interview with FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT and others will appear exclusively in this country in coming issues of *The New Republic.*

BRANDON: Europeans are becoming increasingly aware of the impact that America makes on their way of life. Particularly in the field of art, it's been a one-way street, as it were, but now for the first time American trends seem to exert influence on European painters. What do you think caused this sudden reversal of influence?

SHAHN: There are several things. It's part of the general influence that is going on now in ways of living—in hot dog stands and automobiles and in the landscapes that have been shockingly ruined in Italy by the American style gas stations. And I suppose art comes along with the rest of the culture.

BRANDON: You don't think that it is the strength of the abstractionist movement here that focused the art world's attention on America?

SHAHN: I don't think so. I think that within a short period of time we have had two strong abstract waves in our country—after the famed Armory Show of 1913—and then it seems to have gone into a kind of a limbo, but we're now reviving the names and reputations of people whom we've forgotten entirely. Then we have a second wave—after World War I. My own feeling is—I don't know if anybody will share it with me—that every artist wants sponsorship and patronage—if not in dollars, he wants it in adjectives. And he's going to turn in the direction of the adjectives failing to get dollars. It takes a very strong individual, I think, to resist that kind of a wave. Paul Klee is a wonderful example of a person who resisted endless waves of isms that flowed over European art during his lifetime and he was in a sense a little bit like China absorbing the invaders rather than being influenced by them.

The artist craves patronage somewhere and he looks around—who else is now going to be the patron? Will it be the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum? It ceased to be the ordinary man, as it were, as represented by the government. And many a painter I knew made an about-face with such speed that it was simply shocking. One I remember particularly who was doing a beautiful thing—almost by nature—almost like Fra Angelico—I would call it "moral realism"—"social realism" of our particular time—and one day he suddenly began to do things like Mondrian. He was showing me something and before I could say anything he said: "Well, I've made up my mind and I'm going this way and nothing will stop me!" Now—what did he want? He wanted approval from certain sources. I think we all do. I do. . . .

BRANDON: But isn't it strange for the Europeans to want approval in this country?

SHAHN: Why not? Italians with means ignore their contemporary painters, except for a few collectors around Milan and Turin and so on. The contemporary painters know, or have heard, that in America there's an audience for them. And if painting is an international language, there we are.

BRANDON: What do you think are the predominant influences—I mean, indigenous influences—on art in the US?

SHAHN: It's not indigenous—I suppose the greatest influence today has been Picasso. He's been sort of cut apart in tiny little pieces. A friend of mine once divided the whole thing into three broad categories: The Maze—as represented by Pollock; The Order—as represented by Mondrian; and The Monster—as represented by Picasso—as of the Guernica period. It's oversimplification, of course, but I think you could almost divide our art today into those three broad categories.

BRANDON: Have you ever met Picasso?

SHAHN: No, I haven't. I have a little bit of a—I don't know

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...before such prominent people, and a meeting ...arranged and I confess I broke the engagement . . . ...know, a monument. . . . I had the same feeling ...Lloyd Wright . . . it wasn't he that spoiled it ...it was his students at the school in Taliesen. They ...to him as "The Master" you know—"The Mas-...and I just couldn't take that. And they showed me ...sits on two chairs in a little theatre higher than ...of them. . . . I can't feel anybody being a "Master."

...: What is life for a painter like in the US?

...Well, we have something happening in this country ...doesn't exist anywhere in the world. We have our ...and universities becoming sponsors and patrons ...arts. We have, I think, 1,900 colleges and univer-...in the United States. I would say there are, on an ...two artists in every one of them, some having ...as 20 teachers in their art departments, some ...just one. Now that offers security of a kind—...security, certainly—I have been terrified by it ...it has been done without much thought—it just ...It's become a kind of a super WPA without a ...a path. And one has yet to see whether that has ...worthy thing—either for the universities or for the ...It has become so prevalent that when I was out at ...a couple of years ago, they had a staff of some ...in their Art Department—and they all referred, rather enviously, to one man as an "independent painter" —and it meant only that he was not teaching. I don't object to security, but I do find the peculiar removal from the outside world that the university always offers, for a certain kind of work it's wonderful—and it may be for the artist at a later time, but certainly at present I'm very, very, skeptical about it. I get nightmares when I think that Goya might have gotten a Guggenheim. Security makes a great many also turn temporarily to so-called commercial art. The danger here is that they begin to make too much money too soon and then the flame of their own creativity begins to get weaker and weaker. At best, it's a very weak flame because the world and all the outside isn't putting any great pressure on the artist to paint, you know. And if, during the youthful and creative years that flame isn't nurtured, it will finally subside and there will be nothing left of it.

BRANDON: Art has come very late to the US, hasn't it?

SHAHN: Naturally so. It hasn't been very long since we said that our geographic frontiers have been practically used up. We now have to begin to look to our social frontiers. So it is very natural that it has come late.

BRANDON: Perhaps it's because art is a kind of non-materialistic enrichment, a taste for which has been slowly developing here—

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SHAHN: Yes, yes, I've heard comments—say, from the Headmaster of a very important Prep School in our country, one of the most important ones—I confess this was something like 15 or 20 years ago—when I asked him about teaching art to his students, and he said: "We don't bother with that at all. Our graduates will go to universities, become executives, and their wives will take care of that sort of thing."

However, since the war something has happened, there's no doubt about it. As individuals often begin to question the validity of a material culture, so a country can sometimes begin to question it. Certainly today this self-questioning is all over the place, as you very well know.

BRANDON: Do you think the artist in this country is still suspect, as it was sometime ago?

SHAHN: Yes. I think the artist is still very much suspect. I think that it took 20 years—carefully paying my bills on time—for me to receive acceptance in a little community like ours here, for instance.

BRANDON: Why is there this difference between the musician and the painter?

SHAHN: Well I think you—you English by and large are responsible for it. For—oh for generations now you've written novels which we've read, you know, and devoured, in which the artist is turned into a character that may have existed—I've never met one. I've never met any of the characters that exist in *The Moon and Sixpence*. And along came your latest one, Joyce Cary—this piece on *The Horse's Mouth*—an absolutely incredible character. I cannot conceive—I read the first few pages of it—a character just out of jail walking along the embankment and thinking what colors he would use for a sunset. And we, in America, have in our youth absorbed this kind of an idea, and we who became artists were very much influenced by those novels. But those who did not become artists who were, you know, out in real life, realists—they were terrified of these characters and that's part of it. So I'm blaming you partly for it.

BRANDON: Well, I'm sure that's partly true. But isn't it also because the painter is not considered a man who can make much money? Doesn't that play quite a part in this country in judging professions?

SHAHN: I think it does. The only difference is this—we don't have a tradition. A youngster in Italy wanting to paint—his father without ever having seen his work would know the name of Michaelangelo, know the name of Raphael and so on—and might even have seen some of their works—so he'll be distressed by that but not to that degree—if money has not accrued certainly glory has accrued to those names. And—in that sense—we are different from the European. But it isn't only money—it is the instability of the whole thing.

BRANDON: What really inspires you to paint?

SHAHN: The life that goes on here. I once told a student just two things to paint—the things you are very strongly for and the things you are very strongly against. And I feel pretty strongly about a lot of things. It could take any form. I keep notes constantly—both drawn notes and verbal notes—and I mull through them fairly often—and something that is just a very slip of an idea suddenly—and I don't know why—becomes of great significance and it can become a painting. But it's generally based on what goes on around me; what goes on politically, what goes on socially, what goes on in the seasons, what goes on emotionally, etc., etc.

BRANDON: Do you think that abstractionism now is abating or—

SHAHN: I don't think so at all—no. I have a silly notion, which I will tell you. I don't think anybody shares it—my wife doesn't share it, and we discuss this kind of thing a great deal—the boys don't share it, they think I'm kind of crazy, etc. It's very simple. We are a democracy and as a democracy we have very genuinely tried to distribute the good things of a democracy to everybody. We have, I think, 1.9 automobiles per family now—2.7 (these are my own figures, I don't think they exist) radios, television, bathtubs, etc., etc. There isn't a home without an electric razor and so on and so on. Now we feel we've exhausted the distribution of material things and we must distribute the things of the spirit. So we print paperbacks, produce hundreds of thousands of phonograph records—millions—now we come to distribute art. But people don't feel that a reproduction is as good as an original painting. By God, we're going to teach them to make their own—we can't have enough artists to distribute original art with the largesse with which we distributed automobiles—so we'll teach people to do this kind of painting—a painting that requires no particular training—and kids who come into an art school within six weeks can turn out a very creditable abstraction, a non-objective painting. I think that's how we'll resolve this particular problem—distributing that which belongs to the area of the spirit.

BRANDON: You mean to get around the need for draftsmanship?

SHAHN: Yes, yes. Teachers in art schools, particularly those who were trained in an earlier time, try to stress drawing and the kids just say: "Well, what for? Nobody draws—we just won't go and look at the work of X, Y and Z, just because X, Y or Z is a competent draftsman." There's a rebellion against drawing and, consequently, the teacher is just barking up a tree with the idea of teaching draftsmanship. And then you have another thing that is happening here. Despite all the attacks on us about conformity and maybe because of it, each artist is desperately trying to be as individual as he can. Perhaps in his very rebellion against conformity—he will just try to express that which is most individual of him. The fact that an exhibition of a

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group of such individual expressions begins to look quite anonymous is another matter. I believe there's a great deal of this effort to stress the individual. There is a growing tendency toward abstract art. And should the artist try to counter this tendency, his audience won't let him. The millions who have been given art appreciation courses over the last 20 years—since the war—will think this is the only art expression that exists and they will demand it.

BRANDON: Of course, there's now a revival of the importance of the egghead. . . .

SHAHN: Well, there is a possibility . . . this is the thing I fear now—you know. It's been so nice being part of the minority for such a long time and suddenly—I consider myself an egghead, willy-nilly—and if the egghead should suddenly be put on a pedestal as was suggested in "The Big Show" they had on television last night, "we *must* change our attitude toward the egghead"—I had shivers, you know. I say this just to be funny. I think we've been insane on the subject of eggheads. Here you will find fathers using every influence in the world to get their kids into college and then ridiculing the teachers of their sons.

BRANDON: Do you think painters will continue to avoid controversial problems?

SHAHN: That will depend entirely on our political and social situation.

BRANDON: But then you really imply that these people have not the kind of courage to comment on the world events—that, for instance, you have in your paintings.

SHAHN: I don't want to be boastful about that, but I feel myself in an isolated position today, you know. There are very few people I feel I can go along with. I've been fortunate the last few years, despite all this, I can get by economically, but beyond that I feel an isolation, there's no doubt about it. But I'm both too stubborn and too old to do anything about it.

BRANDON: Now the other day I read that one of your colleagues criticized you for doing a cover for *Time* magazine of Freud—a portrait of Freud. I'm glad there are still some painters who dare to paint portraits.

SHAHN: Well, maybe this colleague can't paint a portrait, I don't know. I know the particular reference that you have in mind and it didn't disturb me one way or another. I would do a portrait if the individual who is to be portrayed is one to whom I'm sympathetic, you see. I've done two of these portraits—one of Malraux and one of Freud. I was asked to do a portrait of Teller by the same organization and I find Teller a very unsympathetic person and just refused to do it. I told them point-blank: I don't like this character. I know they're going to say some glowing things and there'd be an awful discrepancy between my portrait and what they're going to say. Oh, you have to harden yourself to criticism, you know, and you develop very early a kind of a carapace like a lobster.

BRANDON: But as you said, by painting a portrait, you can put a lot into it—your sympathies and antipathies—nevertheless, painters today seem to be very reluctant to do portraits.

SHAHN: I don't know the reason for that—most people seem to be content with a camera portrait. They're not awfully good—they're instantaneous impressions—even the most insignificant portrait is an effort if there's any competence on the part of the artist at all—an effort to bring together many facets of the individual he's portraying—the photographic, instantaneous shot is the moment of its taking—and nothing else. During the several hours, or days, or week or two weeks during which the portrait painter is engaged in working, the subject will have been going through a thousand moods when he's painting this side of the mouth—he may be thinking of dinner—on the other hand, when he's painting this corner of the eye, the man will be thinking of the stock market. And those all get together and you get the essence of the individual, which you don't in the camera portrait.

BRANDON: Isn't it true, though, that artists today go to the other extreme of ignoring almost everything around them and being too much concerned with themselves.

SHAHN: They think they do, but I don't think they really do. I think that every artist—no matter what direction his work takes—is saying or stating his belief. If the world around him is too much for him, he can withdraw within himself, but this is a statement of what he believes. And it is, in a sense, the content of his work. Even the lack of content is a content—he makes that as his statement.

BRANDON: But isn't there the danger that the artist isolates himself?

SHAHN: There's every danger in the world and it is highly possible. I have begun to believe that just as science has begun to speak to a select few—who have been trained and have had to have a long training to understand—so, I'm afraid, the same thing is beginning to happen in the arts. It's certainly happening in some of our poetry. Now this kind of a philosophy has grown up in the arts to such a degree that it has become a measure of value. If the audience is smaller, the work is better. If the audience is larger, the work is worse. That is as ridiculous as the other gauge which says that a large audience means necessarily that a work is good.

BRANDON: Yes, well you feel that you have your own audience—

SHAHN: Yes. It's a limited audience, I'd like it to be bigger—everybody likes to have a big audience, but I do not make a single effort to create a larger audience by changing my outlet.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Who Is the Innocent One?

by Leonard Greenbaum

IN the last year of World War II, when there was an always increasing certainty that the Nazis were to lose the war, 500,000 Hungarian Jews were transported to Auschwitz, were gassed and cremated. They went, for the most part, without protest, without flight, without rebellion.

Ten years later, in 1954, Mihail Greenwald, an aged hotel keeper in Jerusalem who was the publisher of a mimeographed political scandal sheet, accused one man, Israel Kastner, formerly Raoul Kastner, of the death of these 500,000 Jews. Kastner was, at the time of the accusation, a publicist in the Israeli Ministry of Development. He had been, during the war years, one of three men who headed the Budapest Rescue Committee, an organization that helped Jewish Refugees escape from Nazi occupied countries. Greenwald's charge was that Kastner had collaborated with the Nazis, and that in exchange for a trainload of 1700 Jews that was shipped to Switzerland via the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp (a group that included the leaders of the Jewish communities, many of Kastner's townsmen and all his relatives) Kastner hid from the remaining Hungarian Jews the fact that they were to be transported to extermination camps rather than to labor camps. The result, Greenwald claimed, was that they went docilely, making the slaughter possible.

Desperate Mission: Joel Brand's story as told by Alex Weissberg, translated from the German by Constantine FitzGibbon and Andrew Foster-Melliar (Criterion; $4.95).

The Israeli government, on behalf of its junior official Kastner, accused Greenwald of criminal libel, and a trial that was to last four years began. The testimony took eight months, but the nature of the trial changed after three days. Kastner, the libeled, became the accused. The defense attorney became the prosecutor, and Greenwald, forgotten by all, dozed through the remainder of the trial.

In June, 1955, ten months after the testimony ended, the Judge delivered his verdict. He found Greenwald not guilty of libel on all but one count—stating that Kastner had taken money. The Government appealed. Eighteen months passed before the Supreme Court opened the hearing. Two months later, in March of 1957, Kastner was assassinated by three young men disillusioned by the Israeli withdrawal from Sinai. To them Kastner was a symbol of all Jewish appeasement of dictators. Another year passed before the Supreme Court delivered its verdict. There were six justices, and each delivered a dissenting opinion. Between them they covered the range of public opinion about Kastner and the Nazi murder of the Hungarian Jews. They gave so many answers that there was no answer. And legally there was no more appeal.

AT the original trial, Joel Brand, who like Kastner was a leader of the Budapest Rescue Committee, testified about his role in the last year of the war. It was Brand who had carried to the Allies a Nazi proposal to trade Jews for trucks, "blood for goods," to barter the Hungarian Jewish population for war supplies. The alternative for the Jews, if Brand failed, was death in the long rooms at Auschwitz.

The story Brand told at the trial, and the publicity of his last minute switch from being anti-Kastner to being anti-Greenwald, enabled Brand to make half a book out of his experiences. The other half was supplied by the German journalist Alex Weissberg, to whom Brand "told" his story. The result is a sparsely documented, really undocumented, personal account of those events that led to, made up and followed Brand's mission. The manner in which the story is told, as journalism rather than as history, on faith rather than on knowledge, does not make the book a reliable source of information. Its effect, rather, is to arouse suspicion in an area where suspicion is a natural condition and to be really a request for more information.

What is important about the book is the portrait of Joel Brand, and the attitude that both Brand and Weissberg have toward the Nazi atrocities. It is the opposite of Greenwald's and more like that of his attorney the "prosecutor." Instead of one accused, Kastner, Brand has accused the world. He has formed a heirarchy of sinners at the top of which are the Nazis and at the bottom the dead who died without resistance. In between are the German people and the Axis allies who helped, the Western allies who failed to stop the murder, the neutrals who didn't intervene, and the Jews who were not successful in arousing either their compatriots or coreligionists to act. Brand himself, despite his mission, is in this last group and with qualifications is as harsh in judging himself as he is in judging others.

JOEL BRAND by his own account is the son of a rich Slovakian Jew who had once lived in Germany and had founded the telephone company of Budapest. Brand spent his youth wandering around the world, going from odd job to odd job, until in 1931, he settled down comfortably in Budapest, running the family business and taking an active part in the local Zionist organization. In 1941, he was one of three picked to head the Budapest Rescue Committee.

On May 15, 1944, the day that the steady deportation of Jews to the extermination camps began, Brand was sent by SS Obersturmbannfuhrer Adolf Eichmann to Istanbul to barter. Eichmann, chief of Section IV B of the Reich Security Head Office, was in charge of the Nazi program to exterminate the Jew. The Nazi offer Brand carried was verbal and vague, but the essential balance was Jews for trucks, one million for ten thousand. Brand flew to Istanbul on a German courier plane accompanied by Bandi Grosz, "The King of the Persian Rug Smugglers," a converted Jew whose role as a double agent mocks the inventions of Eric Ambler. The Greenwald-Kastner trial records indicate that Grosz worked for both the Hungarian and the Nazi Secret Police and in

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this capacity was able to smuggle money from the Jewish Agency in Istanbul to the Budapest Rescue Committee for a ten percent fee. Because he was considered to have aided the Jewish cause sufficiently, Grosz had been allowed, at least till 1954, when he testified at the trial, to live in Israel on a visitor's visa.

THE initial Allied reaction to Brand's sudden appearance and the offer he carried was outright suspicion. Ira Hirschmann of the American War Refugee Board was sent to see Brand. In his book *Life Line to a Promised Land*, Hirschmann writes,

> . . . two Hungarians, both Nazi agents, had been flown to Istanbul from Vienna by Himmler's first assistants. Information concerning them was scant in Washington. The agents brought with them an offer to exchange human beings, prisoners of war and refugees, for money and motor trucks. Just who was the authority for the offer, whether the German Government or some powerful Nazi officials in it, was not clear. The offer, however, veiled possible traps for Allied statesmanship and risks for the Allied war effort. We could not know. The danger involved was so patent that the British would have nothing to do with it.

The larger dangers were obvious. Brand flew out of Budapest on May 15, 1944. Rome was to fall on June 5. The landing in Northern France took place on June 6. Brand carried a promise to use the trucks only against Russia, which if accepted would mean subversion of an ally. And there was no suggestion of negotiating on neutral ground or through any official representatives, only in secret. It was to be a *Geheimnisreich*, the secret of the Nazis, to be hidden from their Axis allies. Conversely, the offer was interpreted as an attempt to make the Allies seem accessories to the slaughter of the Jews if they refused to bargain, an idea that became reality to many beside Joel Brand. This is what he implies when he writes,

> . . . The Germans wished to be rid of the Jews and whether they went abroad or into the gas chambers was largely a matter of indifference. The Germans chose gas simply because it was the more efficient method of achieving their ends.

After Brand's arrival in Istanbul there were a series of British and Turkish moves that thwarted his attempt to meet with high officials of the Jewish agency, notably Moshe Sharett. The Turks issued an expulsion order to Bulgaria for both Brand and Grosz that was rescinded only by bribery. Sharett was refused a visa to come to Istanbul. The result was a trip by both Brand and Sharett to Syria where British officials arrested Brand. He was taken to Cairo and interned. There were long interrogations. There were also, Brand tells us, fresh fruit, servants, parties, drinks. Here Hirschmann came to see Brand and believed his story.

BRAND remained in Cairo several months. During this time he twice waged hunger strikes from which he cheated whenever he met with representatives of the Jewish Agency. He received a "lieutenantcy" in the British Army and was shipped to Palestine. The remainder of the war he spent in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, telling his story to every high official he could find, setting up a one-man clearing house for information, and complaining that no one was helping, that he himself was being deprived of the opportunity.

Part of the opposition to Brand came from the consideration of military objectives, but part presumably came from the general disbelief, the inability to assign to human beings the roles the Nazis took so willingly. The disbelief of the outside world is matched only by that of the victims-to-be within Hungary who travelled to Auschwitz and believed until the final moment they were jammed into the false shower room that they were only to be cleansed, not gassed. This too has been called the *Geheimnisreich*, the secret of the extermination of the Jews. It was a story told again and again at the Greenwald-Kastner trial. There was even the witness who, having heard that the first to arrive would get choice lodging and soft jobs, pushed his way onto the first transport, demanding privileges as a leader of the community. This is the public incredulity that gave rise to the charge against Kastner that he did not warn his fellow Jews of their rate, that he kept the *Geheimnisreich* and let them go like cattle to the gas chambers and the crematoria.

Brand, who was in Turkey and Palestine at the height of the transports, knew both "secrets" that were to decide the fate of the Jews in Hungary. He had no doubts about the possibilities of his mission, about the chosen quality of his role. At the Greenwald-Kastner trial, when he first told his story publicly, Brand reported how Eichmann shouted at him, "Whom do you want to save—men, women, children. Answer me. Quick." And Brand testified, "My head swam. I stood as if slapped. I could not decide. I wanted to save everyone."

IN HIS OWN words, though, Joel Brand shows himself as a man of doubtful qualities for the mission that was thrust upon him. Often, he reports, in times of crisis he needed liquor. "I found it an effort to keep going without recourse to alcohol." "I needed alcohol at that time to soothe my nerves." Another place he writes, "I must confess I am very fond of visiting coffee houses. When I am worried, I like to sit at a table and think things over. I nearly always get an idea, or else I meet someone who can help me."

On his mission, however, Brand met no one who could help him. Once he begins to recount his trip, his animosity toward almost all whom he met becomes the theme of the book. Kastner is said to be jealous of Brand and to doubt his ability. In Istanbul, Brand distrusts the

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representative of a Jewish rescue group because the man is a religious enthusiast. Brand dislikes the first group of Jewish officials he addresses because they are southerners who gesticulate wildly and argue with each other in Hebrew, a language he does not understand. He dislikes the financial representative of the Jewish Agency because he asks Brand for an accounting of the Agency funds sent to Budapest. Brand distrusts the Jewish Revisionists who warn him of the impending arrest at Aleppo. Hirschmann is described as conceited and pompous. Chaim Weizmann listens but does nothing. The chief Agency representative in Istanbul becomes a coward and a fool in Brand's eyes. The head of the Swiss Joint Distribution Committee is pictured as a stubborn, moralistic, penurious old man. In the end there are no heroes, only villains.

This same wholesale distribution of blame for the death of the Hungarian Jews became the moving force behind the Greenwald-Kastner trial. The search for a scapegoat began with Greenwald's necessity to explain to himself how sixty members of his family went to their death. He found one villain and accused Kastner, but Greenwald's attorney found a thousand villains, a world of villains, most important of whom were the men of the Jewish Agency, who are now the men of the Israeli government. It is this last fact that makes Brand's book not just a selfless narrative, but rather a political weapon.

At the Greenwald-Kastner trial, Brand made two remarks that are pertinent to an evaluation of his book and of the deeds of men like him. The first is an aphorism. "Those who act make mistakes. Those who do nothing make no mistakes." The other shows Brand's inability to judge himself by this very standard. It is his story as he lived it, jobless in Israel, up until the time of the trial. "I have been pursued by a nightmare since then. I could not work. I could not learn Hebrew. My life has been ruined."

This is perhaps the real *Geheimnisreich*, the ability of the Nazi to stain each man's hand, to leave each man wanting. For Brand, the secret, one that he reveals in his book, is that in his own eyes he failed to act as an individual at crucial times. In Istanbul he followed the advice of the Jewish Agency which he distrusted. In Aleppo, he did not resist British arrest. In Haifa he had a chance to escape his British guard and did not take it. In Jerusalem the Revisionists offered him the opportunity to be smuggled back to Budapest via their apparatus and he refused on grounds of party discipline. Instead Brand drank and partied. He travelled with British officers, joked with them, lived with them in luxury, waged his false hunger strikes. Of himself in Cairo, he writes, "I could understand nothing any more."

The feeling of guilt that dominates Brand is shared by many others in the same story. It is the guilt Greenwald felt because he believed his relatives went to their deaths submissively. It is the guilt Kastner felt because his negotiations did not result in the salvation of Hungarian Jewry. It is the guilt Hirschmann felt when he said, "What we did was far outweighed by what we failed to accomplish." The fact is 500,000 Hungarian Jews were gassed and cremated in the last year of the war. The mission failed. Much else failed too. Joel Brand, however, lives, unforgetting, unforgiving, full of remorse over his own actions and bitter over other people's.

Dr. Paccard of Mont Blanc

by Robert Graves

Sir John Hunt, in a foreword to *The First Ascent of Mont Blanc*, calls this feat "the first milestone in the history of the sport." Indeed, it created as great a stir in 1786 as the conquest of Everest in 1953. Yet the man who made the ascent, Dr. Michael-Gabriel Paccard, a Swiss village doctor, was no sportsman in the modern competitive sense, and so devoid of personal ambition that he did not even trouble to publish the news in the Geneva press. His motive had been local patriotism: a desire to prove, by a barometric reading from the summit, that "our Mont Blanc," clearly visible from Geneva—not Monte Rosa, nor the Finsteraarhorn, as some claimed—was Europe's highest mountain. In fact, on realizing that his barometer had played him false, he at once planned a second attempt to correct the reading. No sportsman, but the best mountaineer of his day, with a keen eye for the practicability of a route, great resource in dealing with crevasses and soft snow, and an admirable weather sense. Preferring to climb with a minimum of fuss, he had taken only a porter with him.

The First Ascent of Mont Blanc, by Graham Brown, F.R.S. and Sir Gavin de Beer, F.R.S., with a Foreword by Sir John Hunt (Oxford; 2/10/–).

Two far more eminent personages, both of Geneva, had long dreamed of scaling the virgin peak: Marc-Théodore Bourrit, the Cathedral precentor, and Horace Bénédict de Saussure, Professor of Philosophy and Natural Science at the Academy. Bourrit was the first local writer to exploit a fanciful view of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's: Rousseau had insisted that the high Alps, hitherto viewed by the Swiss as among Nature's most wasteful failures, were endowed with an unsurpassed scenic sublimity. Bourrit found this notion so saleable to romantic foreigners that the Genevans eventually erected a large bronze Rousseau statue on one of their lake islets. Bourrit had already acquired a European reputation for his florid writings about the Alps and, at Buffon's recommendation, even a pension from Louis XVI. He set himself up as the leading tourist agent of Geneva, where he sold itineraries and colored sketches. He also spent every summer in a Chamonix chalet and acted as *cicerone* to distinguished visitors. Bourrit was a timid climber, and had made three ludicrously ineffectual attempts to crown his Alpine fame by the ascent of Mont Blanc.

Professor de Saussure, who took part in Bourrit's second attempt on the mountain (1785), burned with the ambition of taking the first scientific observations from the summit. In 1762, he had offered a money prize to the Chamonix guide who could discover a practical way up, and the offer still held. There were guides in plenty now, for Bourrit's propaganda was converting Chamonix into a famous summer resort: by 1786 three large, well-managed hotels catered for the annual influx of visitors, and de Saussure regretted the effect of the tourist trade on primitive Alpine manners.

The news that Paccard — "*ce diable*

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du docteur" — had forestalled him, came as an unpleasant shock to de Saussure. He smothered his resentment, however, sent for Paccard, and obtained from him all the information he needed about the route, landmarks, temperature and snow conditions; nursing the consolation that Paccard had failed to take proper observations, and that he himself would soon have the glory of remedying this. But snow conditions delayed the attempt until the following year, when de Saussure organized a party of nineteen men (carrying food, a stove, fuel, ladders, scientific instruments, a large tent, and a bed). Up they all went on August 3, observations were taken, and down they all came to Chamonix four days later. The principal guide had been Paccard's porter — Jacques Balmat, a Chamonix man who sold pieces of rock crystal to tourists as souvenirs. On August 11, de Saussure published a brief account of his expedition, most ungenerously omitting any reference to Paccard.

As for Bourrit, he seems to have suffered a nervous seizure on first hearing of Paccard's success; beside himself with envy, he took revenge on the interloper by inventing a story that the porter Balmat had not only discovered the route on a previous occasion but, after gaining the summit alone, climbed down some three hundred feet to haul the collapsed Paccard up there too. He wrote in a pamphlet published six weeks later:

> At three o'clock in the afternoon they are uncertain of their prospects and of what they can recall: unease takes possession of their minds Dr. Paccard begins to be breathless; his knees stiffen and the cold makes him stop: his companion, braver and more inured, encourages him; there are times when they despair of success. They see a summit but doubt whether it is the final one. Balmat, resolute to make certain, goes on alone; the difficulties lessen as he ascends; the snow is firm, and but a few steps remain to be taken to the summit of Mont Blanc: he reaches it. What joy, what triumph, what a reward for his labors! All nature is at his feet; all that is strangest before his eyes; he shouts his triumph to his companion: he does more, he descends to him, he arouses him, he helps him, and at thirty minutes past six they find themselves together on the famous Mont Blanc, at a height of 2,426 fathoms above the sea.

When Paccard confronted Balmat with this fiction (which closely resembles the claims made for Sir Edmund Hillary's companion, the Sherpa Tenzing, by some of his compatriots in 1953), Balmat readily signed an affidavit denying its truth. But, apparently realizing that this would forfeit him de Saussure's prize, he afterwards declared that the document had been signed under duress. Thereupon Paccard went to Chamonix and indignantly felled Balmat with the handle of his umbrella; which brought the wretch a great deal of undeserved sympathy. In time, de Saussure was persuaded to accept Bourrit's account of the matter, and incorporated it in a footnote to the fourth edition of his book on Mont Blanc. So Balmat did very well out of the ascent. Paccard's own narrative never appeared: he had injudiciously chosen as his publisher Bourrit's brother-in-law, who delayed publication until the lie had gained such ground that nobody would dare to take a village doctor's word against those of two eminent men of science and a guileless peasant.

The truth was not revealed until a century later, when Paccard's diary, with other material, turned up; and the last shadows of doubt have only now been cleared away by Mr. Brown and Sir Gavin de Beer, in this meticulously argued and beautifully illustrated book.

Writing primarily for climbers, the authors lay the required stress on an ascent made by Colonel Beaufoy, a fellow of the Royal Society, two days after de Saussure's triumphant return to Chamonix. The scientific observations he took were not important, except as a check on de Saussure's not altogether accurate ones; but Beaufoy had started a mountaineering fashion among the English which, though delayed by the long-drawn-out Napoleonic Wars, flourished as soon as foreign travel became possible again. Hence the Alpine Club; hence, at length, the ascent of Everest.

A COMMUNICATION

How FDR Dealt with Gifts

SIRS:

FROM my experience in the White House, I discovered that the American people like to send presents to their President. In many cases the individual was showing appreciation for some legislation proposed by the President which was helpful to him or her personally.

The great majority of gifts which President Roosevelt received were what I call the "labor of love" type —such as canes, quilts with eagles or copies of seals or emblems, pillows, embroidered or painted portraits of FDR, all made by hand. Also, cigarette holders and cases, wallets, handkerchiefs, ties, sweaters, shirts or shirt material, gloves, socks, food products and gadgets of every variety were popular choices.

During Mr. Roosevelt's administration, there was a great influx of members of Royalty, as well as Presidents and Prime Ministers of many countries. It is customary for such personages to exchange gifts, such as photographs in silver frames and some were given the President's "Public Papers and Addresses," nicely bound in leather.

The publicity given to a President's hobbies usually brings items to add to his collections. President Roosevelt's stamp collection grew considerably during his years in the White House, and his interest in ship models and naval material brought additions to this collection.

Gifts, considered to be expensive, from persons unknown to the President, were returned to the sender with a note of thanks saying the President did not wish to deprive the person of anything of such value. Gifts from people who were known to have case pending before Government Departments were, of course, automatically returned.

While we had no hard and fast rule regarding the acceptance of gifts, President Roosevelt exercised good judgment in this regard, and expected his associates to do likewise.

GRACE G. TULLY

Washington, D. C.

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RECORDS

Great Recordings of the Century

A NOTABLE HAPPENING is Angel's release of the first group in its *Great Recordings of the Century* series, which makes available again on LP records a number of justly famous recorded performances of the 78-rpm era, including a few that were issued in Europe but not here. Thus, Angel COLH-33 gives us at last the 1939 recording—which RCA Victor announced in 1942 but never issued—of Schnabel's unequaled realization of Schubert's Piano Sonata in B flat, one of the most sublime of the great works Schubert produced in his last year. The music and performance would make this recording a must even if the transfer from 78 to LP were not as outstandingly good as it is: the dubbed sound exhibits an apparently unavoidable loss of some of the amplitude and roundness of the original, and the usual lessened solidity due to cutting down of bass, which can be restored by using an 800-cycle bass turn-over or by turning up the bass knob; but the treble range has been left in, preserving the brightness of the sound, and leaving it to the listener to sacrifice some of this brightness to get rid of the 78-rpm surface noise if he wishes. I found that an 8-kc cut-off gave me the full treble range of the recording and kept it clean. The deluxe packaging includes a booklet with information about the recording, material on Schnabel, and notes on the sonata, including a quotation of the opening theme of the second movement which gives the melody's first note in measure 5 correctly as B natural, whereas Schnabel plays the C sharp that is an error in the text of the collected edition.

Another beautiful work of Schubert, the Trio Op. 99, is on COLH-12, which has the famous performance recorded in 1926 by Cortot, Thibaud and Casals, and the little Haydn Trio Op. 73 No. 2 they recorded in 1927. Cortot writes in his notes that they began to play together for their own pleasure, and without preliminary practice, in 1905, and that for later performances in public they practiced their parts but didn't submit to any "premeditated discipline." And listening to the playing one is struck by the dissimilarity of the three artists—the powerful tone and phrasing of Casals, as against the elegance of Thibaud and intimate warmth of Cortot—and the way these individuals operate together in the Schubert piece. The years of playing together are evident also in the dazzling ensemble execution of the Presto finale of the Haydn; but what makes this performance worth having is Thibaud's beautiful tone and style in the sustained melody of the second movement. Again the dubbed sound—with bass restored and a 6-kc cut-off this time—is remarkably good.

ONE of the greatest musico-dramatic impersonations in operatic history, Chaliapin's Boris Godunov, is brought to impressive life again in the excerpts from *Boris* on COLH-100—most powerfully by the final scene recorded at an actual performance in Covent Garden, London, on July 4, 1928; and the record also offers arias from other Russian operas. I got faithful and clean reproduction of Chaliapin's voice in the *Boris* excerpts by using a 6-kc cut-off and turning the treble knob up a little from flat position for the 1925 Coronation Scene and even further for the Covent Garden performance, but down from flat position for the 1931 "I Have Attained the Highest Power" and "Ah, I Am Stifling."

The exquisite art of Elisabeth Schumann is exhibited by COLH-102 in a number of Richard Strauss' songs and two by Hugo Wolf that she recorded between 1927 and 1938, and a number of others by Wolf that she recorded in 1945 and 1946 and that were not issued here. The songs of Strauss include several of the earlier and better ones—*Staendchen* (with an unsuitable orchestral accompaniment), *Wiegenlied, Freundliche Vision, Hat gesagt;* those of Wolf include several of his best—*In der Fruehe, In dem Schatten meiner Locken, Auch kleine Dinge, Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen, Nun wandre, Maria, Wie glaenzt der helle Mond, Nimmersatte Liebe.* In the 1945 and 1946 Wolf performances Schumann's voice has lost much of the bloom it still exhibits in the earlier performances, making its characteristic edge even sharper; and its later sound is further damaged by some of the transfers to LP; but luckily two of the most beautiful performances, of two of the most beautiful songs—*Und willst du deinen Liebsten* and *Wie glaenzt der Belle Mond*—come off the record with the voice excellently reproduced. For the 1927 performances I used a 6-kc cut-off; for the later ones an 8-kc.

Prokofiev's own performance of his Piano Concerto No. 3 on COLH-34 turns out to be the best I have heard, offering straightforward, strong, sharply outlined and brilliant playing of one of the early works that are Prokofiev's best, astonishing us with the musical powers that operate with youthful freshness and exuberant creative energy. The recorded sound with an 8-kc cut-off is remarkably bright, but requires the restoration of bass that I have spoken of. Prokofiev also plays a number of solo piano pieces, the best of which are several early ones—the *Visions fugitives*, the *Contes de la vieille grand-mère*, the Andante from the Sonata No. 4, the Gavottes No. 2 (from the *Classical Symphony*) and No. 3—and the 1931 Etude that is a transcription of the music of the despoilment in the ballet *The Prodigal Son.*

The beautiful performances of Monteverdi's music that Nadia Boulanger recorded with a small vocal and instrumental ensemble in 1937 are on an COLH-20. With several lovely pieces the record offers two—*Hor che'l ciel* and *Lasciatemi morire!*—that are made outstanding and moving by their expressive power.

AND finally COLC-13 and 14 give us the performances of Bach's *Brandenburg* Concertos recorded in 1935 by the Adolf Busch Chamber Players—performances with a lightness and grace, a life in rhythm and phrasing—that have yet to be equalled. Unfortunately the best piece of the series, No. 3, is the poorest reproduced, requiring a 6-kc cut-off for clean violin sound in addition to the usual restoration of bass. The other pieces—including the two other good ones, Nos. 2 and 4—are reproduced well with an 8-kc cut-off. B. H. HAGGIN

Notes on Contributors

LEONARD GREENBAUM writes and produces educational television shows for the University of Michigan. ROBERT GRAVES is the eminent British poet and man of letters.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

looking-glass—or had he? Mr. Dugger chose, in explaining the California Democratic Council, to report the words of its opponents.

The picture of the CDC is somewhat beclouded by Mr. Dugger's selection of isolated words and phrases, of a slightly supercilious cast, to describe the political orientation of the majority of Club Democrats. They are, of course, "liberals," — not "shibboleth liberals," nor "EPIC-produced liberals," nor any other hyphenated variety; they are just plain liberals. They are sometimes considered "irregular" by the old guard because they cannot be told how to think or vote; they are called "irresponsible" when some of them demonstrate that they do not believe that the winning of an election is any more important than the calibre of the candidate to be elected.

The CDC approach is, therefore, two-pronged: to endorse, in a large, open democratic convention, the best possible Democratic candidates and to endorse these candidates on an accepted set of principles, and then to work together to nominate and elect them. It is the first prong that makes the Club Movement unpalatable to the old-line professionals; they would like the CDC members to work but not to endorse—that is, to elect but not to select.

The result of the ascendancy of the starry-eyed intellectuals, 40,000 of them working in 400 clubs, was shown in the June 3 primary. True, the inclusion of party labels on the ballot, in 1954, had much to do with Democratic success It showed the voter who was who. But it was the Club Movement that made him *care* about who was who — made him aware, again, of the need for party responsibility, and, indeed, the need for a two-party system, in which the issues are sharply drawn. For this June's primary election, CDC sent out a slate mailing piece, a brochure on all the state-wide candidates, to every registered Democrat in California, at a cost of $70 thousand, all of which money was raised and contributed by the clubs. And the two-and-a-half million slate-pieces thus provided were hand-addressed by these same club members. They also raised approximately another $50 thousand for the state-wide candidates and at least $250 thousand locally for their own Congressional and assembly candidates.

Judge Stanley Mosk, Democratic nominee for the position of attorney general, is a good example of the maturity CDC is demonstrating. Club members lavished especial attention on his primary campaign because his was the only contested state-wide race, and he was their endorsed candidate. The usually reliable Fields poll showed him losing 2 to 1 until the results of the CDC slate piece were felt. He won the primary by 140,000 votes. Mel Lennard, congressional candidate against incumbent Donald Jackson in the predominantly Republican 16th District, is another interesting example. He has stated that 85 percent of his support, in money and in work, came from club members, and brought him comfortably through the primaries in an area where this alone was a hazardous gamble.

Perhaps the best proof of the effectiveness of CDC is the fear it has put into the hearts of the Republicans. Kyle Palmer, one of the architects of Republican policy in California, through his political editorship of the powerful *Los Angeles Times*, has made this fear very plain by his outraged cries, accusing the Democrats of having the temerity to build what he calls a political machine; "put together with care and directed with skill, the California Democratic Council more than demonstrated its political potency. . . . Undoubtedly the sound organization work accomplished by the California Democratic Council played its part in such returns."

If our pragmatic proof of effectiveness can be correctly assessed by the strength of the denunciation of one's opponents, then this is, indeed, rich praise for the starry-eyed liberals who believe that a "machine" made up of 40,000 members, represented in convention by 2,000 of their number, is no threat to the democratic process but only to Republican control of the California electorate.

MIRIAM DEINARD COLF

Los Angeles, California

. . . *Mr. Dugger replies*

PERSONALLY, as I thought I had made clear enough, I share Miss Colf's enthusiasm for the clubs, especially for their insistence on liberal issues as the vital substance of Democratic policies and their practical reforms in the California party system. Personally I rejoice, as does Miss Colf, when amateurs flood into politics; if the professionals don't like what they do and say, we probably need some new professionals. But I cannot quite make out Miss Colf's objection. Of course criticisms of the club do not please her as a club person; would she therefore advise an observer not to "repeat the words" of the critics? Where then would this leave the balanced truth?

RONNIE DUGGER

Austin, Texas

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